

T H E

# Kingston Atalantis;

O R,

## WOODWARD'S Miscellany,

V I Z.

### C O N T A I N I N G

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| I. A Description of that Town.   | VI. The sixteen Fishermen Angling for a Dolphin.                           |
| II. Letters from the Dead Kingstonians to the Living.  | VII. Verses to Messieurs Lidgould and Peirson, Bailiffs of Kingston, 1727. |
| III. The Kingston Journals complear.   | VIII. An Epitaph on Crispin, alias <i>Old Bowles</i> .                     |
| IV. The last Will and Testament of Timothy Bubo, Esq;  | IX. An Epitaph on Madam Jagger's Lap-Dog <i>Musca</i> .                    |
| V. A Letter from the Ghost of <i>Caullus</i> to the Dean of <i>Chesington</i> , occasioned by his sixteen Sermons on this Text, <i>Are not two Sparrows sold for a Farthing?</i> | X. Song, by way of Caution, for the Use of the Corporation.                |
|  | And several other Pieces.  |

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L O N D O N.

Printed; and sold by J. WILFORD, at the  
*Three Flower-de-Luces*, behind the Chap-  
ter House, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1731.

(Price One Shilling.)

King of the Airs

20

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1947

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Humbly DEDICATED

T O

My Worthy Friend

*William Nuthall, Esq;*  
of MAY-ISLAND.

S I R,

**T**O you as a sublimer  
Poet and an elder  
Brother of the Quill,  
I make bold to dedicate  
these my Works (the Off-  
spring of my leisure Hours)  
being a candid View into  
Affairs

# DEDICATION.

Affairs of your own Town.  
Look not upon it, great Sir,  
with an Eye of Criticism,  
but as a rough Landskip  
perform'd by the Hand of  
a common Painter; which,  
in case you seem to give  
your Approbation on, the  
Disdain of Inferiors can give  
no Penetration to

S I R,

*Your most devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

*And sincere Friend,*

Woodward.

A S H O R T

D E S C R I P T I O N

O F

K I N G S T O N.



Nlock your sacred Springs, ye tuneful  
Nine,

And all inspire so great a Task as mine;  
*Kingston*, the fair, the celebrated Town

I sing, which six great *Saxon* Kings did crown  
In Days of *Yore*: their Pictures still are seen,  
In that large Church, just at the Entrance in;  
The Church full thirteen hundred Years has stood,  
The Walls tho' old, are tolerably good.

A worthy Coporation ruleth here,  
Supported by two Bayliffs ev'ry Year,  
Their publick Treasure rising ev'ry Day,  
No Town can boast such Management as they:  
A Market ev'ry *Saturday* they keep,  
With all Provisions tolerably cheap.

One Part there is adjacent to this Town,  
Which by the Name of *Surbiton* is known;  
A private Place, long mark'd to entertain,  
Kept Mistresses e'er since great *William's* Reign:  
When Ev'ning comes, out from the Garden Door,  
Each takes a seperate Path to air his W——e.

One shall with blackcurl'd Spaniel beat the  
Fields,

Or take the Pleasure that the Common yields;  
Another to the *Thames* shall steer away,

A

To



To see the finny Race, both sport and play;  
 'Till satisfy'd with Pleasure home they turn,  
 In Love they revel, and at Night they burn.

A few kind Girls are scatter'd ev'ry where  
 About this Town whom Custom stiles the Fair,  
 My Muse so far their Beauty shall befriend,  
 To pass in Silence what she can't commend.

But in my Verse let *Norton* find a Place,  
 For gen'rous Gentlemen the Country's Grace;  
 Here stood an Abby in great *Henry's* Reign,  
 Of which a Chapel's all that does remain:  
 This Chapel to a School converted is  
 Taught by a Master of prodigious Size;  
 This Change was made with very good Design,  
 Tho' now entirely stop'd by Parson *V—e*:  
 Then wisely stop my Muse before you tire,  
 Well may you fear to stick in *Norton* Mire.

*E L E G Y. On Mr. John Hammett.*

SEE all in Robes of black where *Bacchus* stands;  
 His Vine-leaves dropping from his trembling  
 Hands,

Sure then 'tis *Hammett* lies beneath that Stone,  
 The God in Tears bewails his dearest Son.

Since *Hammett* was convey'd to Shades below,  
 Punch-Bowls dried up with Grief forget to flow,  
 The Claret from its Bottle will not run,  
 For now all Liquours think themselves undone.

How must we Mortals then lament his Fate,  
 That dies bewail'd by all Things inanimate;  
 Hum, drum, we sit, and sleep the Time away,  
 Not drink, carouse, and sing till break of Day,  
*Hammett* is dead, and we are now forlorn,  
 He left us but one Legacy — to mourn.

Ah! Death, why could'st thou not have call'd  
 from hence,  
 Fifty insipid Mortals void of Sense,

That

That did not know the Virtue of that Juice,  
Which in the Brain Politeness can infuse;  
But thy destroying Hand will ne'er refrain  
To take the best, and worthless still remain.

Oh! say dear *Hammett*, poor departed Friend,  
When will kind Death give us our welcome End,  
Since on this Earth, we ne'er can see you more,  
We wish to come to your *Elyzian* Shore:  
Where *Nectar* graces still your flowing Bowls,  
*Nectar* not tasted by us mortal Souls;  
Since Fate forbids us yet to come to thee;  
We'll daily drink thy pious Memory.

*E L E G Y.* On Abraham Elmer.

O H! *Elmer*, where's thy Brush in Hand,  
That us'd to draw at such Command;  
When Death approach'd with Visage grim,  
I wish thou had'st but pictur'd him:  
So great a Master-piece in kind,  
Were glorious to have left behind,  
A Legacy to all your Friends,  
A Looking-glass to see their Ends;  
Then *Cæsar's* Wars and *Scapin's* Cheats,  
Should not compare to *Elmer's* Feats.

*A S O N G.* To the Tune of Dame of Honour.

M Ethinks the World's turn'd upside down,  
And all Things chang'd in Nature,  
The Sight of a good *English* Crown  
Seems a surprizing Creature.

I once my Hand could put in Poke,  
And pull out Money plenty,  
Possession now the Rats have took,  
It has so long stood empty.

Adzooks, 'tis very strange to me,  
 Most Folks are clad in Black, Sir,  
 I own it is genteel to see,  
 But I have none to Back, Sir,  
 Instead of mourning for the King,  
 As other People are,  
 I must I believe in a little Time  
 Go naked and quite bare.  
 Thanks to good Friends, one Comfort yet,  
 I need not to complain,  
 They've got me into a good House  
 To keep me from the Rain.  
 But faith altho' they are so kind,  
 'Twould please me still much better,  
 In Case they'd turn me out again;  
 And strike my Name out Debtor.

*Candidate for Bayliffs of Kingston at the  
 Election, 1727.*

There's *Siggin's* the Great,  
 And *Brown* the Wife,  
*Generous Bowles*  
 And *Belchier* applys,

**Y**E Voters consider it every one,  
 Which *two* you'd best chuse, and which *two*  
 let alone;

Now *Belchier* if you'll to the *Castle* resort,  
 Swears he'll make you dam'd drunk with some  
 very good Port.

Next *Brown* he puts out, if for him you'll go,  
 He'll find you in *Mortar* and *Labourers* too,  
 In Case you design to rebuild up *Court-Hall*,  
 The Proposal is fair now consider it all.

Then *Siggins* he offers to give you a Treat  
 Of Mutton and Beef, and all Manner of Meat,  
 And



And in my Opinion he'll carry't I tell you,  
By Reason most of you I know love your Belly.  
But generous *Bowles* his Agreement peruse,  
He offers to find all your Wives now in Shoes,  
For twelve Months together if for him you'll pole,  
If he looses, 'twill make a great Flaw in his Sole.

O D E. *To Mr. Lidgould, Bayliff of Kingston,* 1728.

W H A T pleasing Strain  
Inspires my Brain,  
And fans my Muse's generous Fire,  
The Warrior's Fame  
Nor Lover's Flame  
Can ne'er such darling Thoughts inspire.  
In *Lidgould's* Praise  
My Voice I raise  
Four times before who bore that Place,  
His Fame shall rise  
Above the Skies  
Dispising, tyranny Disgrace.  
So sweet a Choice  
Harmonious Voice,  
Oh, how the ecchoing Lyre did sound!  
Obstructions none  
Did build upon,  
But freely gave their Votes around.  
May this not be  
The last Time he  
May bear the Sway in *Kingston* Town,  
No fitter Man  
To rule the Clan  
Endued with Wisdom and Renown.

ODE. To Mr. William Pierſon, *Junior*  
*Bayliſſ*, 1728.

THE warlike Lyre  
 May fan the Fire  
 And Battles repreſent and Rage,  
 My paſſive Quill  
 Moves ſlowly ſtill  
 And ſhall their Marſlike Jars aſſwage.

Some talk of State  
 And hold Debate  
 And trouble where they have no need,  
 I gently raiſe  
 To ſing in Praise  
 Of *Peirſon* who my Muſe does feed.

Moſt happy Choice  
 Unerring Voice  
 That boldly ſtruck for *Peirſon's* Name,  
 To tune the String  
 With me begin  
 And ſtrait immortalize his Fame.

Not *Ovid's* Love  
 Could ſofter move  
 Nor with Diſcretion fan the Fire,  
 Than when they ſpoke  
 And gave the Stroke  
 Which founded on the Fifteen's Lyre.

You Juſtice ſeem  
 With Looks ſupreme  
 You rightly ſolve the doubtful Cauſe,

You repreſent  
 Our great Content  
 And bear the Place with grand Applauſe,  
 To you we ſhew  
 All Homage due  
 And ſeem delighted at the Choice,

With flowing Bowls  
 We'll chear our Souls

And *Peirſon's* Name ſhall crown our Voice.

A SONG. *By Way of Caution.*

FOUR Years the tow'ring Eagle reign'd,  
 All in the liquid Skie,  
 His Course no middle Flight restrain'd,  
 He spread his Wings on high.

But see full thirteen Bowmen bold,  
 All on this Spot of Ground,  
 Oh! Eagle soar above their Shot,  
 Or else they'll fetch you down.

Ah! sacrilegious Archers why  
 Would you this Eagle kill,  
 Forbear upon a Sabbath-day  
 To do a Thing so ill.

*A Letter from the Ghost of Catullus to the  
 Dean of Chesington. Occasion'd by his  
 Sermons upon two Sparrows sold for a  
 Farthing.*

ACCEPT, dear Dean, accept my grateful Lays,  
 Departed Poets still have Leave to praise,  
 Thy sounding Fame has search'd *Elysian* *er*,  
 And wak'd them sleeping on their peaceful Shore:  
 That peaceful Shore where endless Pleasure reigns,  
 And Charms unknown to *Chesingtonian* Plains:  
 From these soft Realms of everlasting rest,  
 The Sparrow's Poet greets the Sparrow's Priest.

Believe, vast Soul, thy far extending Fame  
 Is still more mighty than thy Giant Frame;  
 Tho' quivering Woods and shrinking Mountains  
 dread

The awful Shock of thy majestick Tread:  
 Tho' Towns distrust their too defenceless Walls,  
 And tott'ring Towers nod conscious of their Fall;  
 Thou sturdy Oaks and lofty Pines can't weild,  
 And laugh at *Ajax* and his sev'nfold Shield.

What



What Eyes untir'd, can view thy Bulk around,  
 What thought the Depth of thy vast Soul can  
 found,

Gigantick Priest, Goliath of the Gown?

But let me curb my two adventrous Lays,  
 Presume to thank but not aspire to praise,  
 The Text was yours, the Subject first was mine,  
 In me, tho' trifling, made by you divine;  
 Hast thou my Memory so much rever'd,  
 And my poor Subject to a Pulpit rear'd;  
 How great shall I to future Ages be  
 When always honour'd to be nam'd with thee!  
 Mine be the Task to make thy Worth appear,  
 And to the ungrateful World thy Conduct clear.

In these blest Regions we receiv'd but few,  
 The most their Passports recommend from you,  
 Your awful Visage frightfully severe,  
 Did trembling Sinners to Repentance scare,  
 A Thousand Females here arriv'd and more,  
 Who narrowly escap'd th' unhappy Shore:  
 As many stout-limb'd Lubbards have I seen  
 Scar'd to Repentance by thee mighty Dean,  
 What strange good Fortune has their End befell,  
 Scar'd to be blest, and frighted out of Hell!

*Catullus.*

*The humble Petition of Richard Latimore,  
 Blacksmith, to his Majesty George the  
 Second, dated Kingston, June 10, and  
 deliver'd into the Hand of his Majesty  
 at Hampton-Court.*

**K** NOW thee oh King!

I came to bring

A Pig to Hampton-Court,

To

To your Father who  
Some Time ago

Did at this Place resort;  
And I a Blacksmith am by Trade,  
A downright honest Country Lad.

Instead of seeing of my Liege,  
When I came up the Stairs,  
The Yoemen stopt me took my Pig  
And said he was at Prayers,  
And order'd me to call again,  
And they'd reward me for my Pain.

Now to this Day have I had nothing  
For Pig nor that wherein I put him;  
So to conclude, I'll say no more,  
But don't forget me *Latimore*.

*On Madam Jagger's Lap-dog, Musky, who  
run mad so that she was forc'd to have  
him drown'd.*

**M**ourn all ye Dogs, to *Thames* fair Borders fly,  
Let greivous Howling echo thro' the Skie,  
The much lov'd *Musky* perish'd in the Wave,  
Attend in mournful Pomp his watry Grave;  
His beauteous Corpse, oh! gentle *Naiad's* Guard,  
Know his fair Mistress sure must think it hard;  
That her dear Dog should yeild his precious Flesh,  
A sad untimely Prey to greedy Fish.

*Musky*, like Fate, with thee thy Mistress found  
Thou in the *Thames*, but she in Tears is drown'd.

*An Epitaph on old B-----s the Shoe-maker,  
who died Rich.*

**H**AD *Crispin's* Life outstood his Work,  
He'd been as great as the Grand Turk;  
Much Gold he got by stinking Leather,  
But now is gone the Lord knows whether:

B

He

He left his Awl behind and died,  
 But mark the End that will betide;  
 At the End it was got, in the End it will go  
 From whence it first came, to the Devil knows  
 who.

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*Letters from the Dead Kingstonians to the  
 Living.*

Letter I. Joseph Orr-----b to Samuel  
 M-----d.

Dear M-----d,

*Elyzium the 3d Change  
 of the Moon.*

I Have been dead and buried ever since last  
*August*, and have sent up into your World  
 several Letters, and never had the Happiness of  
 one Answer; you make the old Proverb good,  
*(Out of Sight out of Mind)* and a great many  
 profane Fellows in your World, when a Man's  
 dead and buried, has no more Regard for him  
 than for a Dog; they'll out of Complaisance, and  
 for Custom Sake, follow him to the Grave with  
 a Sprig of Rosemary in their Hand, and snivel  
 over the Corpse, and so take their final Farewell,  
*With God rest his poor Soul*, and such like Apolo-  
 gies; least the World should take Notice of  
 them, and afterward they forget him, and he  
 may lie and rot as fast as he pleases to make  
 Room for another: But I thought your Friend-  
 ship would not have been so slightly carry'd off  
 by me. I'll assure you, I have that Spark of  
 Gratitude left in me, altho' an absent Friend,  
 that I have been very restless in not having the  
 Happiness of a Line from you in all this Time.  
 I din'd Yesterday with *Jack Haffy*, who mightily  
 desires to be remembered to you, and told me  
 that



[ II ]

that he has just undertook a great Jobb to do for my Lord C——'s Secretary, who is just arriv'd here below with an immense Sum of Money to build a new House against his Master's coming, which will be about the Middle of next Summer; he does design to have a fine Bagnio with several large Cisterns in it, which are all to be lin'd with mill'd Lead for the Coldness Sake, and the Neatness of the Work; he has hir'd me at Eighteen Shillings *per* Week, work or lie still: And wishes to God you can but settle your wordly Affairs by next *Christmas* and come to us; he protests that you shall be his Foreman in all his Works; and that he'll make your Place to be worth Thirty Shillings a Week to you, one Week with another. Pray remember me to old Friends *Tom Harrod*, and Mr. *Woodward*, and tell them I retain my old Game at Cribbage yet, and never hold less than a Flush, or a Pair of Knaves. I thank God, we have Punch, Brandy, and Wine plenty enough in this World, and the Country is pleasant, only the Climate very hot. About a Fortnight ago, I happen'd to be out late and got into a Broil, and was had before Justice B——t, that died from your Town, but finding that I came from so nigh a Place as *Hampton-Court*, and enquiring into my Character by Mr. *Mar——l*, old T——s, and two or three more, which have but lately come down, he very civilly acquitted me, only paying for the Warrant, and spending half a Crown upon the Constable and Watch, which I had abus'd. Dear *Sam*, I was with Mr. *Observer*, the Purser's Clerk t'other Day, to whom I gave a Shilling to look over his Books concerning you, and he tells me you have been sodering for Dr. C——e so long, and Dr. C——e for you, that the old patch'd up

Distempers will certainly break out again at Spring, and carry you off the Turf; therefore, what signifies delaying for a Month or two, and lingring upon a sick Bed, it will only fatigue you, and not make you fit for Business at your first Arrival; and you hear, by my Letter, what a Hurry we are in for Hands: E'en settle your worldly Affairs, make your Will, and be as expeditious as you can in your Journey hither: But first you must consider, it is Winter Time, and the Roads are bad, therefore I advise you to step to old *Bowles* and tick a Pair of Boots with him, as a Lagacy to remember you; there is my old Friend *Tom P——e* at *Hampton-Court*, will let you have a Horse if you tell him where you be coming; we can easily return it him again by a Neighbour of his that came from *Ditton-Marsh* t'other Day, one Capt. *B——* I think they call'd him. I often, when living, heard of the Gentleman, but now since my Death have full Reason to remember him, for he has broke my Head for coming into his Company, and being a Machanick; he has already committed so many Outrages amongst us dead Mortals, that here is an exprefs Order from our Vice-Roy, to reanimate him, and send him up again back to *Ditton-Marsh*, and a publick Proclamation issued out to expel all Soldiers upon his Account. The Duke of *M——*, Lord *H——*, General *P——*, and several others are breaking up Camp in order to reanimate and return to your World again. I have much more News to send, but must defer it till my next. The Spirit that bears his Commission for dispersing Packets to your World, having taken three or four Circles round,  
and

and ready for his tedious Flight thro' the Liquid.

*Your sincere dead Friend,*

Joseph O——ll.

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*Letter II. Welch Davie to his Partner Sciere.*

The second Change of the seventh Moon,  
*Brandipolis Seneca's Buildings, apud Mons.*

*Loving Partner,*

OUR Friendship, you are sensible, ever was great when living, and methinks, equal the same Gratitude ought to be shew'd between old Acquaintance after Mortality, as often as Conveniency will permit. I am not unsensible of the Loss my Wife has so lately sustain'd of me; but as you formerly, when I was living, at divers Times in my Absence was so good a Neighbour to me, as to divert her, and assist her in passing the melancholy Hours away; I hope you'll retain the same Spark of Friendship to me, by doing the same now in my Absence of long Continuance. Pray now *Sciere*, what did all the Folks say of hur Death? Did they not say there was an End of a Rogue? Cot, hur ne'er thought to have tipt off the Turf so soon, only by sipping that foolish Liquor as our Town Ladies call *Polly Peachum*. Curse on it, cannot you give it a new Name; if you cannot, I will; it shall be call'd *Kill Devil*; for by hur old Breeches, hur believes it would kill the old Fellow himself, was he to drink as many



many Quartens as hur did that Day at Fo—  
*D—lls*: Yet, it is a Wonder to me, to think it  
 should hurt such Vermin as we are, who break  
 our Rest continually, in hunting up and down  
 all Nights, the worst of Weathers, and sculking  
 under the cold Eves of the Houses to find out  
 the Prey for the Bombs. But let me tell you,  
 hur has had very good Fortune since hur Ar-  
 rival, for hur has got a brave Place; hur is  
 made one of the Waiters to feed the Bull-Dogs  
 at the Bear-Garden. But here is a great Trans-  
 formation in this World after the Change of  
 yours; our old Masters which we us'd to follow  
 about, and that us'd to sit and suck their Faces,  
 and triumph over the Misfortunes of poor  
 Wretches that fell under their cruel Hands,  
 comes but barely off here; for they be all  
 chang'd into Hackney-Horses, and such like  
 Beasts, and look as poor as Howlets. T'other  
 Day a Gentleman that seem'd by his wild Looks  
 to be an Attorney's Clerk, came next Door to  
 us to hire a Horse, to carry him the Circuit with  
 his Master; he was had into the Stable to take  
 his Choice, and they shew'd him a Couple of  
 poor rawbone Creatures, which they call'd *Put-*  
*tock* and *Neiler*; I thought I remembered the  
 Name, and looking stedfastly upon them both,  
*Puttock* up with his Leg, hit me a Spat, and beat  
 me all along; and then turning his Head about,  
 told me he knew me very well, and enquir'd  
 much after my Master *Evans*. I enter'd then  
 into a long Discourse with him, and he told me  
 every Particular as had happen'd to him since  
 his Arrival from your Town; how that first he  
 was chang'd into a Spaniel, and naturally being  
 somewhat likely, his Master's Lady took a  
 Fancy to him, and often indulg'd him by admit-  
 ting

ting him to lie upon her Bed, or under her Chair, when he should have been travelling thro' the Dirt long tedious Journeys: Then that Life in Retaliation to his former Villany, being thought too easy, he was straightways metamorphos'd into a Hunting-Horse, in which Station he continu'd about two Years, and his Master finding he could not leap so well as he requir'd, and often would endeavour to halt before he was lame, e'en parted with him to the Man who now has him, and lets him out hack to Sailors, or any Body else at Eighteen Pence *per Day*; I pity'd his Condition, and out of Compassion to his hard Usage, and our former Acquaintance, did slyly put my Hand into the Bin, and gave him a handful of Corn.

Soon after my Master, whose Name is *Revell*, call'd me, and told me that he had a new Bear just come to Town, and it must be my Business to look after him; I went into the Shed where he lay, I view'd the Beast as he lay sullen at the Length of his Chain, and who should it prove to be but *Jack King*, formerly one of our old Masters: Oh! says I, don't you know hur? Hur be *Davie*, your old Servant once. Lud a Mercy, how strangely Times be chang'd! I never thought to see such Times as these, for hur to have the ruling over you. With that the uncouth Beast rear'd up his Head, and desir'd me to use him as tenderly as I could; for his Flesh had been lately torn almost off from his Bones; so I promis'd him all the Favour that lay in my Power, for his former Civility to me when living.

Several other of our former Acquaintance have I lately seen; amongst whom, was my Master *John N—*, formerly Town Clerk, who

who is made Governor of the Fort upon Mount *Turbalent*, at the Mouth of the River *Styr*; and is a Gentleman that lives in prodigious Splendour, and bares a mighty Sway over the whole Country.

There has lately been vast mobbing here, with a whole Shoal of Bankrupts, and a Heap of other perjur'd Fellows, which was created by some of the Bankrupts; their Creditors not signing their Certificates; and, my Master, let us, inferior Servants, from our Amphitheatre out at five Shillings *per* Day, to riot in the Behalf of the Bankrupts; out of which, we had two Shillings a Day our selves for Boose, besides what we could make by knocking Persons down, and rifling their Pockets afterward. I have much more to tell you, but shall give you Account of it in my next, by Reason the Post is just upon going, and our Gates upon shutting up.

*Your sincere, and*

*Unchangable dead Friend,*

*Davie Jones.*



*Letter*



Letter III. William Matt----s to Tom  
Small-----s.

*The Isle of Martyrs, the third  
Change of the 2d Moon.*

Dear Tom,

**I**T has not been a few Pounds that has excus'd us formerly, when both living in joynt Reckonings ; we have carouz'd, and drank Fountains of Liquor dry between us, and were old Pot-Companions : And why should we not keep up a gentle Correspondence between us, altho' Mortality hath seperated us? My Brain is often in Motion, and supply'd with divers Conjectures in Imagination, concerning your Welfare, and all my old Acquaintance in your upper World. And, I doubt not in the least, but you have, a Reflection of past Transactions sometimes, and a fresh Recollection of me in your Memory ; if so, I desire our old Acquaintance may not totally drop ; but, by way of Letters, let us endeavour to renew it. I would not have you startle, nor fancy this Epistle smells of Brimstone, by Reason it comes from a dead Friend ; for I'll promise you, we live in a fine pleasant Island, where the Ocean runs round us ; the Scent of whose, briny Waves, will create an Appetite to a sickly Constitution. Here is my self, old Captain *Hind*, and frightful *Tom S—s*, who formerly, when living, were the most noted Sportmen in your Town ; but as the old Proverb says, (*soon ripe soon rotten*) at our Death, were pretty well wore out. Therefore, we are got in to be a Sort of Under Turnkeys to a Nunnery ; and your old Acquaintance, my Lord *Reves*, is made Gentleman-Usher to

C

the

the same House; the Places of us all, I must needs say, is easy enough, and delightful; for we make the old Proverb out, (*an old Coachman loves the Smack of the Whip,*) and, we can no longer put our vicious Inclinations in Practice; we are only Well-wishers to the *Monks and Fryars*, whom we daily let in to practice their Villany, and receive their Benevolence at turning the Key at their Departure.

Nunneries, you must know, are the biggest Miseries of Vice in the Universe, in your World, and ours are equal the same here: Therefore, to be plain, I must tell you, that the Debaucheries that are to be met with in our old and former Places of Randivouze, the Hundreds of Drury, and the Mint are not to be compar'd to these Lakes of Darkness; for here is more weighty Villany hid under one old Fryar's Hood and Cloak, than there was in the whole World, when *Atlas* took the Globe upon his Shoulders; and it is my Opinion, was he now living, and to take one of these Fryars a Pickpack, the Weight of his Sins would crush him into the Earth at once, and he'd never rise again. I reckon by this Time, your sporting Days are over, and both you and my old Friend *Stephen S—b*, Senior, hath left off going to the *Angel* at *Maidenhead*, to comfort the Widow.

Pray remember me to all my old Acquaintance in *Kingston*, and likewise those at *Wimbleton*; and let them know, I am as well in Health as a dead Man can be expected. I have several other Things to mention, but Opportunity will not permit, by Reason our Mafs Bell rings in to Prayers. Therefore to conclude,

Dear Tom,

Your Well-wisher, and dead Friend,

William Matt—s.

*Letter IV. Captain C-----m to his  
Friend Mr. Woodward.*

*From the Sink-Port  
of Phlegyton.*

*Dear Charles,*

**Y**OU and I formerly, when both living, were great Companions, and held that Spark of Friendship one to another, as was even uncommon, except in own Brothers; one never bore a Secret in his Breast an Hour, without divulging it to the other; we eat and drink, and sleep together; in short, we are inseperable Companions; therefore, why should we not, (altho' at a Distance, one from another) still keep up our Correspondence, as often as Opportunity will permit. You find, by my Letter arriving, the Torrent of the Gulph between us is not so rapid, but it may be shot; therefore, I beg, that you'd not be negligent in answering my Epistles. I have now been buried above this three Years, and never sent a Letter to you before this; the Reason was, I have been travelling most Part of the Time, with my old Friend the late Lord *H—*, throughout the whole Shades of Elyzium, to view our habitable World below, and see the various Fashions; but now, being call'd back to my Post, and just settled in Camp, without the Sink-Ports of *Phlegyton*, I took this Opportunity of sending. Dear Boy! by Jove, we have glorious Wines; charming Women, and a noble Champion Country; and every thing else that is palatable and agreeable to a Soldier's roving Inclination. In all my Travels, I met with but one Place, and but one Set of People, that were disagreeable; and they



were at the Isle of Martyrs, a Company of damn'd frightful Fellows, and Women some, all scarrify'd about the Face, with the Bridge of their Noses fall'n, their Palates forsaken them, and others crippled in the Groin; hearing of our Soldiers call me Captain C——m, and enquiring if I had not a Brother living in your World, that was a Surgeon; accosted me with such scurrilous Language, and threw their stinking Breath about at such a prodigious Rate, that I was forc'd to withdraw my Forces, and encamp them on the other Side of the River, for fear of being infected. The Duke of M—— has broke up Camp for the Summer-Season, but, my Lord C——n, and our Forces, I believe, will hold out the Winter's Campaigne.

Pray tell my old Friend M——n, that my Lord H——k, desires to be remembred to him, and hopes, according to his Will, he spent the Hundred Pounds he left him amongst Men of Honour, Wit, and good Breeding. But he says, he does not much doubt it, by Reason he knows him to be a Gentleman endued with the ripest of Qualifications. Let my humble Service not be neglected to good Mr. K——g, nor all my Friends in particular in *Kingston*; and let them know, as to what trifling Debts I ow'd at my Death, shall be punctually paid at the Resurrection. I am, at present, a little hurry'd by my Tradesmen, who are refitting up an Apartment in *Sty* Castle for me against Spring; for I have the Promise of being made Governor in the Room of General F——r, who has resign'd as being *Non Compos Mentis*. Dear Friend, I would have remitted you a Bank Note, as a Token of my Love; but Opportunity at present does not permit: However, you know, I always bore

bore a Soldier's Heart, and am not unsensible of your tedious Confinement, and the bad Circumstances you labour under; and between this and Christmas, I'll find out some Way to remit a Token into your World, for you to carouze in the Hollidays upon. Till then,

*I remain,*

*Your sincere dead Friend,*

Richard C——m.

### *The Midnight Ramble.*

**P***Aul's* Clock struck Twelve, 'twas Time to go to Bed,  
 The Club broke up, each from the Table fled;  
 Claret had topsy-turvy turn'd my Brain,  
 From *Brown's*, like mad, I stagger'd to *Bow-lane*;  
 With many a Stumble reeling to my Door  
 Upon the Steps I trod upon a Whore.  
 Starting, I gaz'd! the Watchman coming by,  
 Ad Zounds, said I, here does the Devil lie,  
 I beg that you would bring your Lanthorn nigh.  
 What; who! my Master, here; reply'd the Slave  
 I'll light you home, Sir, if you'll give me Leave.  
 Home, Friend, quoth I, I live at this same House,  
 This is my Trap, I am a City Mouse;  
 But some damn'd venomous Cat, I fear, doth lie  
 To snap me up as I am passing by.

The Midnight Representer of the Moon  
 Display'd his Light, and I distinguish'd soon,

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 To snap me up as I am passing by.

The Midnight Representer of the Moon  
 Display'd his Light, and I distinguish'd soon,

A poor *Geneva* Drab at full length laid,  
 As drunk as Hell, by Juice of Berry, made,  
 And fall'n a Victim to the Midnight Shade. }

I rous'd the boofy Cat with Point of Sword ;  
 She gap'd and star'd, but could not speak a Word.  
 Quoth I, a Coach, good honest Watchman, call,  
 This poor unlucky Bitch has got a Fall.

I think she must be stunn'd, pray lend a hand,  
 Let's see if this poor Toad can make a Stand :

With many a heavy Lift against the Door  
 Upon her Bum we rais'd this dismal Whore.

The Watchman call'd a Coach, help'd in my Trull  
 And after, headlong, tumbld in—the Fool.

The Coachman ask'd me to what Part of Town  
 My Honour wou'd be drove, and where sat down.

I told him ; Faith, I could not tell him where,

But where he proper thought to take the Air :

Suffic'd with that, he straitway shut the Door,

And safely button'd in my self and Whore.

Both drunk, and both asleep, we jolted on,

Nor wak'd before he stop'd to set us down.

In *Totbill-Street* he wisely stood to stop ;

Starting, I wak'd, when lo ! a noted Shop

That sold *Geneva*, was before my Eyes

Which at first Glance did give a strange Surprize }

For I'd been dreaming much of Paradise.

At first I fancy'd I had been in Hell,

But thought it strange they there should Liquor  
 sell ;

What first so made me think, and curse my  
 Fate, }

A red-fac'd Fellow in a Chair of State,

Like *Belzebub* in fiery Triumph sat.

Others did to their matted Beds retire,

And belch'd *Geneva* which did soon take Fire, }

By help of lighted Coals a little higher.

With

With gaping Throats they swallow'd Pints so fast  
By Jove I thought they would have drank their  
last.

At length a Fellow with a String and Bladder,  
With Coat embroider'd o'er with Gin & Slabber;  
With aukward Bow approach'd the Coach's Side,  
And beg'd me to walk in and eke my Bride.  
With jolting of the Coach, Sleep and fresh Air,  
My Polly *Peachum* look'd exceeding fair,  
Besides, if you must know, she puked there.  
The Demons all arose and gave me Place,  
I sat me down and view'd my Polly's Face,  
Which did resemble much a Wainscot Case.  
I call'd for Gin by Quarts, they drank about,  
And some of Honour talk'd, and made a Rout:  
Others to State Affairs much bent their Mind,  
No Tongue lay still, but all was unconfin'd.  
At last a lusty Strum call'd *Bashel Nan*,  
With half a Bellows to supply a Fan,  
Did whisk the Smoak about at such a Rate,  
That I was very glad to shift my Seat.  
I took fresh Quarters nearer to the Fire  
And up behind the Settle did retire;  
There took a Nod until the Break of Day,  
And then each Fiend broke up and went away.  
Some to the Markets went, Baskets to carry,  
And others reeling home, both drunk and weary.  
I for my own Part left my Polly there,  
And to *Bow-Lane* jogg'd nodding in a Chair.

*A Letter to a Friend.*

FROM dreary Shades of Night to you I send,  
And this my brief Epistle recommend;  
'Twas wrote in Purgatory, where I live,  
Tho' scarce a living Man myself believe.  
Pray, Sir, how do all my Acquaintance do,  
That live in t'other World, not far from you?  
Pray,



Pray, Sir, with you, what Season of the Year  
 May you call This, we've none but Winter here?  
 No Harvest Time, no reapping here of Corn;  
 No Hay, nor Beans, to fill our empty Barn;  
 No Hogs in Sty, to wallow in the Mire,  
 Or grace our Chimnies with their fat Attire:  
 All empty Coffers, no Wealth in this Land,  
 No Slaves to run of Errands at Command.  
 Here to ourselves we dismally retire,  
 Depriv'd of all we merit or desire:  
 Subservient to the Humours of Mankind,  
 And to one narrow Room kept close confin'd.  
 If Victuals we have any, then we eat,  
 And bless the Founder that hath sent us Meat.  
 The tedious Hours here too slowly move,  
 Not like our Thoughts that still unbounded rove.  
 With Patience, stedfast, must we strive to bear  
 The Frowns of Fortune daily threat'ning here.  
 One hope alone still mitigates our Pain,  
 In Time we shall our Liberty regain.

*A Letter to* DIOGENES.

**T**O you, O great *Diogenes*! I write;  
 Your Presence at my Mansion-house invite.  
 To see a Brother Hermit of thy Trade,  
 Who treads the Stage of Life in Masquerade.  
 You that within a Tub yourself could keep,  
 And when you pleas'd from your own Bunghole  
 peep,  
 To view the various Objects passing by,  
 Thro' a strong Prison's-Grate, just so do I.  
 Pray, Brother Hermit, how came you to find  
 That noble Art of living upon Wind;  
 Whose freshest Gales cast such a fragrant Smell  
 That made the empty Cask your Belly fill?  
 'Tis very odd, but yet it may be true,  
 What is 'it Poverty won't make us do.

If

If so, like you, my Substance soon was spent,  
 And I in neighb'ring Prison closely pent,  
 For former Pleasures that are gone and past,  
 For flowing Bowls I smell the Cask at last :  
 But still I cannot here contented be,  
 But would once more enjoy my Liberty ;  
 For Diet in this Place is scanty grown,  
 Unless there comes a fresh Supply from Town.  
 I thus resolve no longer here to stay,  
 Turn *Ostridge*, eat the Bars, and fly away.

### On a P R I S O N.

**C**Onvey me far beyond the Banks of *Nile*,  
 Where pois'nous Crocodiles unnumber'd  
 play ;  
 Cast me ashore in any desert Isle,  
 Or any where, so but from hence away ;  
 For if on Earth such Place there be as Hell,  
 This must be it, and that I know too well.  
 What Planet rul'd ; what Star shot from its Sphere ;  
 What Fate decreed to bring Mankind in here !  
 The first Projector, that did first contrive  
 This cursed Way to bury us alive :  
 May he lie in the Ground, and never rot ;  
 May he have Life restor'd, and know his Lot ;  
 May he confin'd in that close narrow Cell,  
 Ne'er Heaven's Pleasure know, nor suffer Hell ;  
 With Ear to the Ground, I'd listen with Attention ;  
 To hear the Puppy curse his own Invention.

Could *Job* to Life himself return,  
 And be imprison'd here,  
 But half the Time as I have been,  
 I very much should fear.

D

Patience !

Patience! with which he was endu'd,  
 Would not be here reserv'd;  
 But it would make him curse and swear  
 To find himself so serv'd.

### *On a* SPUNGING-HOUSE.

**A**fter Arrest, a Spunging-House, the Doom  
 Of those that under such Misfortunes come.  
 The Catchpole sifts them ev'ry Way, to know  
 After what Nature does their Pockets flow;  
 If in 'em any Rhino can be found,  
 And thus he finds they can maintain their Ground.  
 Immediately replys, with a fine Flatter;  
 Let me alone to make up this same Matter:  
 I'll to your Creditor in your Behalf,  
 And make him easy for a Time with half;  
 If so 'twill do, as a retaining Fee,  
 You shall two splendid Sorrels give to me:  
 Thus frightned with the Notions of a Goal,  
 He on the silly Cull does soon prevail.  
 A Sneaker's call'd, they drink about apace,  
 And with a glorious Reck'ning, him they grace;  
 Prevail upon the Creditor to stay,  
 And take his Note afresh, till such a Day;  
 In hopes, that he again will be their Guest,  
 And Preparation make for th'other Feast;  
 'Tis only giving Earnest for a Goal,  
 Which in long run, 'tis sure will never fail.

### TERRORS *of a* PRISON *display'd.*

**U**nhappy State of Life, could Man invent  
 Alone this ignominious Punishment:  
 No, some malicious Fiend, invented first,  
 And with this plague unhappy Mortals curst.

Hid



Hid in Oblivion's deepest Shades we lie  
 Our Lives quite sunk into a Lethargy;  
 No Spark of Favour in this Turn of Fate,  
 Unless 'tis purchas'd at a costly Rate.  
 Woes here, encounter Woes! until the Heart  
 Dissolv'd in Grief, is ready to depart;  
 Friendship worn out, in Length of Time grows  
 scant;

Succeeded by a pressing Load of Want:  
 Either we starve to Death in lingring State,  
 Or end our Lives by Means more desperate.  
 In these, and such like Obstacles, we find  
 Humours but few alike, most different Kind:  
 Some singing, and some laughing, others sad;  
 Some speechless, others raving, and quite mad.  
 By sad Experience, I this Truth maintain,  
 These Scenes are Types of Hell's eternal Pain.

## A S O N G.

**N**OT hopeless still, tho' wretched left,  
 My Folly late I see,  
 Of Pleasure, Wealth, and Friends bereft,  
 And all that's dear to me.

My precious Freedom too is fled,  
 Which I so greatly prize;  
 Yet I that for a Time am dead,  
 May chance again to rise.

When the quick flowing Tide has sent  
 Its Waters to the Main;  
 The Sea where all its Strength is spent,  
 Restores it back again.

So I that wasted all my Store,  
 Repent my Folly past;  
 Fortune may smile on me once more,  
 And all be well at last.

*On my worthy Friend William Hart.*

**B**eneath this Stone, here lies a Part  
Of him, who once was *William Hart* ;  
His Name, and Nature was the same ;  
Great was his Heart, tho' small his Frame.  
As true a Soul, and honest Codd,  
As ever liv'd in Town by G——

## *The* F I S H E R M E N .

### A P O E M .

**S**ING now, my Muse, in Strains poetick, sing,  
And let thy sounding Lyre but tune the String ;  
War's not my Subject, Spears are laid aside ;  
But Taper Rods that reach the Ocean wide.  
Angler's my Theme, the sporting Dolphin's Prey  
Not easy to be caught by Night or Day.

First trembling Sartor of Gygantick Size,  
Endeavouring for to take this mighty Prize,  
Finds a Repulse, his Steal too short appears  
Tho' crooked bent, still animates his Fears.

Rumbus then throws his Line, she eyes the Bait,  
Swims round and round, can scarce refrain from Fate ;  
But willing to delay some longer Space,  
Lies sullen for a while, and hides her Face.

Beleus, tho' slow in Speech, approaches next ;  
But dwindling Beleus falters at the Text ;  
Nor can he hope to gain so great a Prize,  
Who, Argos like, views with a thousand Eyes.

Nitor, a Shark may have, if Strength can boast  
A Line to hold, tho' on a rapid Coast ;  
The Torrent waves so many different Ways  
If once he snaps his Rod, he'll loose the Bays.

Coko,

Coko, too rough, by far, too boldly dares  
To throw his Line, tho' made of strongest Hairs.  
The Fish perceives the Bait not guilded o'er,  
Just sucks the Worm, then spews it up on Shore.

Halax full fraighted then with vilely Art,  
Strives to ensnare and captivate her Heart;  
But he, like Glass, throws back his borrow'd Rays  
And over-acts his Part a thousand Ways.

The bonny Scot half muddl'd with his Beer,  
First plumbs the Depth, then views the River clear;  
Stands tottering for a while, neglects his Sport  
Whilst others nearer to the Prize resort.

Chipus, a Stick of Wood, a crackling Frame  
Of Architecture, but supinely lame;  
Lame in his Head to take the noble Prize,  
Who from his Bait disdainfully now flies.

Neptune, Commander of the Ocean wide  
Bedecks his Barge, the briny Seas to stride  
Summons's all his Naiads with their Charms  
To captivate this Dolphin to his Arms.

Vandike, with Pencil, on the Bank retires  
Their takes a Likeness which his Heart soon fires;  
Strives, but in vain, to make the Piece compleat,  
That with the Simile he may it cheat.

Rossum, a Compound of red Lead and Oyl,  
Prepares the sporting Dolphin to beguile;  
His Bait she'll not accept but will disdain,  
Glides from the Hook and gives the Angler Pain.

Jonos, tho' us'd to range the Waters round  
With ill Success, hath oft this Dolphin found,  
Found to no Purpose, neither could ensnare  
With vilely Arts this much delighted Fair.

Solos the only Sportsman in the Town,  
A prov'd Angler, worthy of Renown,  
Throws in the Bait, she smiling makes Reply,  
Two Wives already — marry no not I.

Bravo,



Bravo, that fam'd Musician drew his Lute,  
She own'd Melodious was the silent Flute;  
And could she but be sure the Tune would last,  
She knew not but she might be caught at last.

Night then appear'd all in his sable Hew,  
And must I yield unto the Devil too;  
No sooner will I make a Vow most rash;  
First will I venture on the Whip and Last.

### TIMOTHY BUBO's Will.

*The Last Will and Testament of Mr. Timothy Bubo, Under-Secretary to the Hawks belonging to Combe Woods in the County of Surrey, and Supreme Judge of the Court of Slaughter among the small Birds, Rats and Mice.*

**W**HEREAS I Timothy Bubo, being infirm of Body, and of a decaying Constitution, occasion'd by having one Wing broke by an unlucky Blow with a Stick, from a Boy who was gathering Sloes near my Place of Residence in *Combe Woods* aforesaid, do think fit to make my Will, in case of Mortality; therefore having settled my worldly Affairs, I commit my Body to the Mercy of the Stoats and Weezles as soon as Life departs, to use me as they shall seem meet in their ravenous Way, and my Effects to be dispos'd of as follows.

*Imprimis*, I constitute and appoint my trusty and well-beloved Friends, *Margery Wilshire* and *Roley Finch*, to be Joint-Executors to this my Last Will and Testament; and in Consideration of the same, give and bequeath unto the said *Margery* and *Roley* all and singular my Grave Looks, and they to be equal Sharers in the same.

Item,

*Item,* I give and bequeath unto *Ratlero*, alias the *Man Monkey*, my late Dwelling House, commonly call'd or known by the Name of *Owl-Oak*, scituate, lying and being in the Middle of a hollow Tree in *Comb Woods*, near *Studdell's Farm*, with all the Edifices, Abutments, and Appurtenances thereunto belonging; which by me, and at my own proper Costs and Charges, was erected and set up; the whole Fabrick being built with the Bones of Hedge Sparrows and Linnets.

*Item,* I give and bequeath my Talans to some certain Women in this Town, which will serve as Instruments of great Force next Time they battle.

*Item,* I give and bequeath my Eyes to the true and lawful Wife of *Aaron Evans*, near the Bridge Foot, that she may the better discern a Post from a Woman in an Evening.

*Item,* I give and bequeath my Feathers to *Mr. Joseph Burt*, being material Instruments in making the artificial Fly for the Month of *May*, to deceive the speckled Trout, and knowing him to be a polite Fisherman.

*Item,* I give and bequeath my Wings to *Nat. Mist*, the late noted Journalist, for the more speedy Method of making his Escape from Messengers, &c.

*Item,* I leave my Skull to be tipp'd with Silver, and converted into a Punch Ladle, for the Use of *Mr. Holmes*, knowing him to be a Person that deals mightily, and takes delight in Things that are not common. I would have left this Legacy to another Friend of mine; but knowing him to be addicted to Lying, thought it not so proper:—But *Mr. Holmes* being a Man whose Character is so noted for Truth, induced

duced me to oblige him with this small Legacy, which may hereafter seem a Rarity, and is sure to be confirm'd.

*Lastly*, It is my Will and sincere Desire, that my Picture may be drawn by that polite Relict of *Vandyke's*, *John Seires*, the Painter of *Kingston*, and a Present of the same be made to Mr. *William Hart* at the *Harrow*, to hang up in his great Room amongst the Rareties, and that a Nail be drove into the Wall, and it plac'd next to the Picture of his favourite Dog, *Tom* and the Cat; by doing so, I doubt not but it will often be taken for the Family-Piece of some Nobleman; my grave Looks much resembling a Tutor over the young Couple.

Sign'd by my own Hand, and seal'd this 27th Day of *October*, 1728.

Witness.

*Timothy Bubo.*

*Francis Hawk*, and }

*Thomas Kite*, } sole Rangers of *Comb Woods*  
and Justices Decorum over the small Birds and Vermin.

*On the Fidlers disturbing my Rest.*

LAST Night *Don Sagood*, and his limping Brother,  
If I mistake not, *Harod* was the other;  
My Rest with their damn'd Cat-gut scraping broke  
I rous'd, and looking from my Window, spoke;  
Stop, great Musicians, and Attention give,  
Let now your Ears this wond'rous Dream receive.  
Methought I saw a Swarm of humming Bees  
Around the Branches of some Orchard Trees:  
A Hive I had prepar'd, and ready dress'd,  
And fain would make 'em settle in that Nest:

Not



Not without Musick, they'd be burn'd as soon,  
If not invited by a dismal Tune.

There was my Want, for that I made a Rout;  
Now, Gentlemen, in you my Dream is out.  
They said if they had wak'd me, they were sorry;  
Says I, *then march along, I've nothing for ye.*

### TO THOMAS STRUT.

AH! *Strut*, 'tis very odd to me;  
I never thought such Things to see,  
A Man, who in a Castle bred  
To such a Cottage should be fled:  
We now your Friends at *Kingston* left,  
Who of your Company bereft,  
In honour to ourselves will do  
The Justice soon of seeing you.  
The Author hopes you'll him excuse;  
Because, you know, his tender Muse  
Cannot break thro' her close Confine,  
With you to drink a Glass of Wine;  
But still he hopes that all the rest  
Will smoak a Pipe, and crack a Jest,  
And spend an honest Crown or two,  
To drink his Health along with you.  
If so; when they return again,  
He'll thank 'em kindly for their Pain,  
And drink a Bumper to your Health,  
Wishing you both good Trade and Wealth.

*On my late Fellow-sufferer, Capt. B——,*  
*who has gain'd the Benefit of the fresh*  
*Air.*

TIME was, my Friend, when you, like me,  
Confin'd,  
Your blust'ring Sails were rumpl'd with the Wind,  
E You

You with my Company could pass the Hours,  
 In Expectation of refreshing Showers;  
 But now they're come, you like the Peacock  
 grown,  
 Unto your bless'd Retreat so newly flown,  
 Forget to call but in your fine Attire,  
 Walk proud, and nothing but yourself admire.

*On Two broken Tallow-Chandlers.*

**T**WO Tallow-Chandlers had a great Contest,  
 On Cotton or Rush-Candles, which sold best;  
 One swore that nothing cou'd by Rush be gain'd,  
 T'other he by Cotton nought obtain'd, }  
 So hard a Tax on ev'ry Thing was strain'd.  
 Thus, to be brief, they both of them did fail,  
 Their Shops converted to an empty Jayl:  
 They now do want a Butcher to redress,  
 To find 'em Tallow to set up a-fresh.

*On a CANDLE burning.*

**T**HIS Candle see, that on the Table stands,  
 How its small Light the spacious Room  
 commands.  
 'Tis like to Man, proportion'd in full Strength,  
 Does reign a while, but must depart at length.  
 Its Snuff expiring in the Socket Hole  
 Dies off, in Emulation to Man's Soul.

*On hearing the BELL Toll.*

**H**OW oft do I this pond'rous Metal hear,  
 Which seems to hint this Caution to my  
 Ear:  
*Be mindful of thy Death, by hearing me,  
 And think, in Time, that I must toll for Thee.*

*On*

*On Smoaking a Pipe of TOBACCO.*

**I**N Chimney Corner plac'd the season'd Sot,  
Can hardly live without his Pipe and Pot :  
He makes his Smoaking like an Oracle,  
To Morrow's Weather, fair or foul, foretel :  
It is his Confort and his Almanack;  
He'd rather Victuals than Tobacco lack.

*Spoke by a Person falling into an empty  
WELL.*

**T**HOU black Resemblance of a nightly  
Shade,  
Who Nature's earthly Springs to hold, was made;  
Shall I within thy hollow Vault abide,  
Where only Frogs and venomous Toads reside;  
No ; thy cold Cavern shall not hold my Bones,  
I'll get me forth and stop thee full of Stones.

*On the Roving Gluttons.*

**A** Sett of Men there are, with Joy extreme,  
That make their gormandizing Throat their  
Theme ;  
From House to House they wander ev'ry where,  
And value not their Neighbour, but their Cheer.  
A Bowl of Punch, and a Surloin will make  
Them to the Devil go for Guttage Sake.  
No Man they praise, but where they drink and eat,  
And he is best with them, who best can treat.  
One brags, he lately on fresh Cod did fare,  
And eat a Peck of Oysters to his Share ;  
Nor will his Gluttony e'er find an End,  
'Till they have eat up all both *Foe* and *Friend*.

*On*



*On two FOOLS quarrelling.*

**T**WO Fools that quarrell'd o'er a Double-  
Dabber,  
Spew'd at each other Nonsense mixt with Slabber;  
Which flew about, and made so great a Pother  
As was enough, those that stood by to smother;  
They would not fight, but ended it in Tears,  
And both march'd off beshit all thro' their Fears.

### A T A L E.

**L**AST Night as on my Bed did lie,  
My Dog, my Bitch, my Cat, and I }  
A sawcy Rat stalk'd boldly by. }  
Off from my Pillow jump'd the Cat,  
And round the Room cours'd Monsieur Rat;  
The Bitch and Dog did both awake,  
And run poor Pusses Part to take.  
The Rat hemm'd in on ev'ry Side,  
No longer could their Force abide;  
Puss struck her Talens thro' the Skin,  
Then to the Dogs did thus begin!  
'Tis true to take this noble Prize,  
You help'd me by your loudest Cries;  
In Gratitude, I will not fail  
To give between you both the Tail:  
Tail! quoth the Dog; I plainly see  
You can use no one handsomely;  
You'll give your Friends no other Meat  
Than just what you yourself can't eat.  
Says Bitch; Did not I run before  
To stop him from the Crack of Door?  
Or else he'd surely got away,  
Is't thus our Kindness you repay?

No!

No! for this same ungrateful Deed  
 We'll make you milk-white Hide to bleed;  
 As soon as I these Words did hear,  
 They put me much into a Fear:  
 I soon got up to keep the Peace,  
 And order'd all their Noise to cease.  
 I beg'd that they'd give me the Place,  
 To do 'em Justice in this Case:  
 They all agreed that I should be  
 Arbitrator to all Three.

To end the Strife I gave a Bone  
 Unto my Dog to pick upon;  
 Then Puss I plac'd upon the Shelf  
 To eat the Rat up by herself,  
 And made all Three to ease my Fears,  
 Confirm a Truce for seven Years.

# E P I T A P H.

**R**EADER, beneath this Stone does lie,  
 A Body once like you and I;  
 And we shall be like him, when Death  
 Deprives us of our vital Breath;  
 Like Leaves in Autumn mouldring lie,  
 But know 'tis nothing thus to die;  
 For when the Trumpet gives the Sound,  
 We all must rise and quit the Ground.

## On a TANNER.

**A**Tanner lies beneath this Stone,  
 Who tann'd the Hide of many a one;  
 How topsy-turvy Things are hurl'd  
 From this into the other World;  
 The Scenes are chang'd in such a Manner,  
 He now is Ox, the Devil Tanner.

*On* SAMUEL D-----, *Hatter.*

**H**E who so many Coverings has made,  
Beneath this Covering himself is laid;  
Oh! strange Resemblance of a Hat whose  
Crown,  
With Wonder seems to bear so large a Stone;  
'Twas made by Nature, never by a Hatter,  
Here it is now, but how it came no matter.

*On* Short-Neck'd TOM.

**A**LAS! poor Tom, 'twas thy short Neck,  
For want of Room to draw thy Breath,  
Which made thee die:

Had it been longer made at first,  
And you less Liquor down it thrust,  
You might have liv'd as long as I.

*On* TOM COLLINS *at the* Row-Barge.

**U**nderneath this solid Stone,  
Here lies a Man, so strange a one  
You never heard perhaps before,  
Nor read off in the Days of Yore:  
A Barge he kept for many Years,  
Which ne'er by Water yet appears;  
And yet it sail'd a plaguy Rate,  
Into a very good Estate;  
The worst of Weather could be found,  
This Barge of his ne'er run a Ground:  
If you desire his Name to know,  
'Tis Tom Collins whether you will or no.

*On*



*On Quaking DICK the Potter's Wife.*

**F**riend! weep thou o'er this House of Clay,  
 Wherein thy Sister *Web* does lay;  
 Stray'd from the Light to this dark Place,  
 Hum — pity thou her woful Case;  
 She was Help-Mate once to *Dick* the Potter,  
 But now thou know'st not who has got her.

*On POLLY P——.*

**B**eneath this Stone a Girl is laid,  
 Full thirteen Years she was a Maid;  
 But when arriv'd to fourteen,  
 Quite lew'd she was; e'er since has been:  
 She liv'd by wagging of her Buttock,  
 And got her Bread, her Name was *P——*.

*On MYSELF.*

**B**ENEATH this Monument does lie  
 A Man who t'other Day did die,  
 And tho' but lately put in here,  
 Was buried upward of four Year:  
 Mistake me gentle Readers not,  
 By Friends he has been quite forgot;  
 Dead to the World, in a Goal bury'd,  
 At last to this same Place was carry'd,  
 And put beneath this single Stone,  
 For those that please to piss upon.

*An ODE. To the First of APRIL.*

**H**AIL! happy Day, who, sole of all the Year,  
 Can'st Fools of ev'ry Sort and Size create;  
 To thee I call let thy auspicious Dawn  
 Free restless Man from so perplex'd a State.

Let daring great Ones rival thee in vain,  
 Who daily claim the lesser for their Fools;  
 Exert thy self, and baffle their Designs,  
 To thee alone belongs the making Fools.

Shine forth, great Critick, for by thee alone  
 No Errors can uncensur'd pass along;  
 With thee false Errands, or a Look in vain,  
 Convert to Fools the wise and learned Throng.

Great Day of Fools, how happy are thy Sons!  
 Free from the Tortures of distracting Wit;  
 They ne'er know Trouble who can never think,  
 Nor in perplexing Courts of Justice sit.

From Care and Places free, good easy Fools,  
 To thee, from Wit, to be defended, pray;  
 In Insignificance of Thought secure  
 In simple Smirking honour *April* Day.

All hail! tho' from a vile ungrateful Place  
 I speak, which swerves from thy more happy  
 (Rules;

For *Kingston* in her own Records can shew  
 Her Glory has been more in Knaves than  
 (Fools.  
 Copies

*Copies of several Letters inserted in the*  
**KINGSTON JOURNAL.**

In the Journal, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1728.

S I R,

**T**HE Following is a Translation from *Dy-  
 rett's Contempt of Mankind*, a famous Wri-  
 ter of Lyons, a flourishing City in France. *Mime*  
*Lavile*, I take not to be the right Name of the  
 Tonfours described, but a Name suited to his Cha-  
 racter, by the witty Author, and deriv'd from  
 the Latin *Vilis Mimis Anglice*, a vile Buffoon.

*Mime Lavile*, a Barber of Lyons, a Man skill'd  
 in his Business, shav'd close, not only the Beards  
 but the Pockets of his Customers, got much  
 Money dishonestly, spent more dishonourably,  
 for ever sitting in Wine-houses, affecting State,  
 expecting much Homage, deserving none, proud  
 of his own Imperfections, a studied Fool; but  
 a confirm'd Villain. 'Twas judg'd *Mercury* was  
 the ruling Planet at his Birth, and that a *Mer-  
 ry-Andrew* begat him; otherwise the Thief and  
 the Buffoon had never been so well blended:  
 He was very facetious, and furnished all his  
 Neighbours with Matters of publick Laughter;  
 at whom he laugh'd in his Sleeve, and was sure  
 to put the Cheat upon all those that made  
 themselves merry with him; he had no outward  
 Resentment, and would take any Affront where  
 he had a private End. Long they took him  
 for a Fool; long e'er they found him a Knave.  
 In the Beginning of the Year 1717, he lost all  
 his Money at Dice, and was merrily trick'd out  
 of his Coat and Waistcoat; a Customer of his  
 sent him home with an old black Pettycoat a-  
 bout



bout him ; which Mark of Disgrace he proclaimed Loyalty, and with Ten thousand Damme's, swore he was in Mourning for his old Master *Louis* the Fourteenth : But when he came home, he find'd that Customer's Tye-Wigg four Ounces of Hair for the Offence of its Master : Several other Wiggs in his Custody suffered, whose Masters had never offended. Tho' he was the Scoff of every Body, yet he never was outwitted in his Life : He would fawn and cringe to all his Companions, till under a Colour of antick Embraces he got close enough to pick their Pockets. Some young Fellows who had more Money than Wit, finding him lay down drunk, ushered him home in Funeral Pomp : he the next Day choaking his Resentment, and whispering privately of his intending to swear a Riot, scar'd them all ; so that they was patiently forc'd to put up with his apish Affronts : he spung'd on them Years afterwards, and would often snatch up their Money in jest, and ne'er return it in earnest ; and would (had he not been timely hang'd) have wasted their Fortunes so as to have reveng'd his own Burial, by burying them all in the *Bastile* at *Paris*. He was executed in the Year 1723, for a Crime too horrible to mention : He threw off the Buffoon at his Death, and at last discover'd the plain Villain at the Gallows.

As you like this, another Story out of the same Author, shall be faithfully translated by

*Your humble Servant,*

*Louis des Vignoles.*

*Satur-*

Saturday, October 5, 1728.

S I R,

I Have translated for you the Story of *Rat-tero*, or the *Man Monkey*, which I hope will be taking to the Reader.

**R** *Atlero* was neither a tall Man, nor a short Man, neither a great Man, nor a little Man; neither a Man's Man, nor a Woman's Man; neither a Man nor a Mouse, doing neither harm nor good, but tickling all Folks into Laughter that beheld it; it made an incessant Noise, troubling its Drum-skull with the Affairs of the Magistracy of *Lyons*, and wanting to be brought into a Society of Rule, the more fit for a Society of Apes. This Animal would often argue with humane Creatures, and always disputed too fast to be contradicted; not giving any one Time to give an Answer: But mark the Fate of this living Composition of Nonsense; it persisted strong in knowing other Folks Business better than themselves; it laid a ridiculous and rash Wager with *Don Rhodo* the Wine-Merchant at *Paris*, who came to *Lyons* on some private Affairs, that he himself had not, in all his Wine Vaults, twenty Hogsheds of *French Claret*: The Wager being lost, the generous *Don* threw him back five out of his fifteen Pistoles, to keep the Fool from crying: But, however, it took the loosing the Ten so much to Heart—and being doubly gain'd by all its Fellow-Citizens (tho' it had for Years been a publick Laughing-Stock) that it pin'd to Death, and was miraculously metamorphos'd into a Block: a neighbouring Miller took up the Block and converted it into

a Mill Clack, where it now remains, and makes a more grateful, and almost as intelligible a Noise as it did when living.

Tours, &c.

Louis des Vignoles.

Saturday, October 12, 1728.

SIR,

I have translated the following Piece, in which *Dwett* laments the Death of his Friend, and gives us the comical Adventures of his unworthy Successor.

**T**HE Loss of my dear Friend *Old Lera*, Parochial Clerk of *Great St. Mary's* at *Lyons*, can never be too much lamented; a just good Man, a firm Friend, and one true to his Trust, the best Clerk ever *Lyons* knew; but, ah! what an ill-shapen Animalculm succeeded him, whose Looks spoil'd all Devotion, and made the very Statues of the Saints laugh at him, to describe his Shape and Face. 'Twere impossible, unless I invoc'd the Satyrs, or *Pluto* and his Furies to assist me, to be concise: the new-fallen whickt Cub of the most deform'd She-Bear in all *Russia* was a *Narcissus* to him. This inhuman Lump of Life let the Church Clock run to Ruin, all the Bells were as untun'd as his own braying of Masses. At last, going up alone into the Steeple, he was set upon by two Rats, (how strange it is that Little Vermin should prey upon each other) with whom he courageously fought some Time; but finding at last himself over-power'd, and no hopes of Flight, he was forc'd to leap off from the Steeple, and broke his Neck. The Verger's Wife, who lay drunk in



in the Church-Yard, and asleep, was awaked by the Fall: she heard him give his last dying Groan (a Peal of Joy to the whole Parish) but he was Stone dead before she could get at him: After she had rifled his Pockets of his Money and Bottle-screw, she carried him home to his dismal Father. In the Year 1724 he was buried, and I myself was present at the Funeral. In my Return home I saw a vast Crowd before the Magistrate's Door, which induc'd me to ask what was the Matter. I was inform'd that *Seigneur La Chap. des Bancruchi*, the great Wine Merchant of this City, who broke for fifty thousand Pistoles, and studied for six Years how to trick all he dealt with, had a Bastard laid to him by his Mother's Maid; but she not swearing to the right Time, he as cunningly evaded keeping it, as he did paying his Creditors. I was sorry such an Accident should happen on the Night our Clerk was buried, because 'tis well known all his Family were but *little guilty of Bastard-getting.* *Tours, &c.* *Louis des Vignoles.*

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Saturday, October 19, 1728.

S I R,

I Have translated for you the fourth Story out of *Duress*; and I believe I shall furnish you with two more for the future.

*Goliab. Passero*, High-Priest of one of the Lesser Churches in *Lyons*; a Man of an ancient Family, regularly descended from his Namesake of *Gath*, was a Man malicious and passionate; at the Shock of whose majestick Stamp, the Walls of *Lyons* trembled: of so ravenous a Temper, that

that he would have robb'd Altars to enrich himself, a Man so fordid that he serv'd his own Hogs rather than pay a Deputy Swinyard : he was the Aversion of all that came near him, tearing his Parish to Death for Dues, letting People that died thro' Poverty lie unburied. Says the old Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, in his own vulgar Way, *Come, lug out, or else I won't bury the Corpse.* He was nothing of a Divine, nothing of a Scholar, much of a Smith, having a Forge in his Parsonage, and something of a Turner, having once mended an old hospital Woman's spinning Wheel; tho' these Things are uncommon Qualifications for a Priest who under his Robes hid a great deal of Villany. In the Year 1724, he was executed for a Rape upon a Ferryman's Daughter, who deposed, in open Court, that he would have persuaded her that lying with a Priest was the Way to Salvation : but she not being won by his Intreaties, he most barbarously ravish'd her. Oh, how hard is the Case of Females, when their very Teachers would defile their Bodies for the Good of their Souls! He was anatomiz'd, and sent to *Paris*. The Size of his Skeleton was six Cubits and a Span.

*Yours,*

Lovis des Vignoles,

*Saturday, October 26, 1729.*

*S I R,*

The Story of the Madmen of *Lyons* is a favourite Piece of mine, but should be doubly pleas'd if your better Judgment, and your wise Readers should approve it.

**T**IS strange our City swarms with Madmen. Two, who formerly have been Magistrates of *Lyons*, are now become joint Monarchs of Lunacy. One of these Two had so great a Love

Love for his *Regalia*, that he carry'd home the Waincoat of the *Guild-Hall* to mend his own Back-Stairs. This old *Don's* Beard is now grown as thick as the great *Hercinian* Wood in *Germany*: Some are mad for Riches, more for Poverty; some for Pride, but most thro' Affectation; some by the Power of Wine, and can never keep out of Taverns, or a musical Course of swearing. A little Villa just without our Walls is so full of these Madmen, that to number them all would require as many Tongues as one of 'em has Casts with his Eyes. This Place is commonly call'd *Mad-Land*. I by Chance fell into a Discourse with one of the Inhabitants of *Mad-Land*, who gave me a Discription of his Travels, as he ambled along beside me; I almost took him to be in his Wits for four Minutes, when of a sudden stopping short in his Speech, he fell a clapping his Hands, and took a *Hop Step and Jump* into the Middle of a Hedge, and I ne'er saw him afterward. The daily Increase of these Madmen among us has induc'd *Espagnuolo* the Wine Cooper to establish a Club of them at his House; no doubt but they must be entertaining Company all together. This *Espaniolo* was a *Spanish* Renegade, who would formerly for Ten Lovidores have betray'd his Country to *France*. He went mad for Conscience Sake; of whose extraordinary Lunacy all his Neighbours have hourly Proofs. But the chief of all the Madmen is *Don Richardo les Aspero*, who must not be so slightly pass'd over as the common Herd, but dignify'd with a whole Episode.

Tours, &c.

Lovise des Vignoles.



Saturday, November 2, 1728.

**R** *Ichardo les Aspero* alias *Richard the Rough*, a Man of a known Character, endu'd with as much Virtue as Beauty, modest even to a Fault, and wanting the common Assurance of a Madman, tho' a bold Musician, and would often pull out his Flute before the Ladies, who were all of Opinion that he had a rare Instrument and play'd well.

This unparallel'd Worthy always us'd every Body with too much good Manners, especially his own Relations; he was over dutyful to his Parents, treating them always with most uncommon Expressions of Kindness: In a Word, he was a Man of great Merit and Morals, tho' by Misfortune a little guilty of Venery; he had gone thro' the Practice of simple Fornication with great Applause, but now was advanc'd to the much more valuable Qualification of Adultery: He spar'd no Cost to gain the Affection of any married Female: He had a Fancy to Abundance who were deeply smitten with his taking Presence. He us'd them with most tender Expressions of Love and Gallantry: A Man of Lenity and Sweetness of Temper, a Man of such Niceness of Breeding and matchless Charity to his Neighbours, that his Fellow could not be found. He was so much belov'd by all, that in his maddest Freaks, they shew'd him Respect, homaging him so far as not to dare to approach him: In his Fits he was very imperious, and would have his Frolicks, tho' he paid dear for them. He was drawn in an Elbow Chair of State set on Wheels, thro' the Village of *Micha* by a Dozen of Cuck-olds of his own making, whose Horns were tipt by

by him with Gold, for their extraordinary Con-  
 decension. *Micha* is about six Miles Distant from  
*Lyons*, where this great Madman often sojourn'd:  
 Whose great Generosity and excellent Principle  
 of paying well makes the Place to have Cause to  
 remember him still. He was one Morning mis-  
 sing out of his Bed and never seen nor heard on  
 afterwards. Some thought he was carry'd away  
 by Angels, tho' many differ about the Colour of  
 'em: But 'tis the Opinion of most, that those An-  
 gels that stole away this great good Man, were of  
 the same Colour as his Honour's Conscience.

*Tours, &c.*

*Lovise des Vignoles.*

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*Saturday, December 7, 1728.*

*S I R,*

**H**AVING formerly liv'd in *Essex*, I make bold  
 to give you a Description of the famous  
 Calves in our Country: with Pride I speak it,  
 that all Calves gives Place to an *Essex* Calf. We  
 have at present a chief Ruler amongst our Calves,  
 which is a great Calf, with an Oxlike Head. This  
 reverend Worthy having a vast Head-piece, is  
 mightily respected among his Brethren, and  
 makes them pay as much Homage to him as  
*Israel* did to the Molten Calf his great Predeces-  
 sor: He makes a most formidable Noise to every  
 Convention, Convocation, or Congregation he  
 comes into; and all the Multitude of his idoliz-  
 ing Inferiors are aw'd into a profound Silence. If  
 his Will is disobey'd in the least, tho' but a Calf,  
 he assumes the Fierceness of a Lyon, and roars  
 them into Passive-Obedience: he is continually  
 preaching up a Reformation amongst 'em, and  
 has already canted 'em out of that silly Custom  
 of Licking Chalk. Some witty Gentlemen of the

G

Town

Town are apt to put the Banter upon our Country, so far as to call the People *Essex Calves*: And some irreligious Rakes, walking out of Town, as far as *West-Ham* one Sunday, affirm'd, they saw nothing but *Essex Calves* at Church. I must be bold to say they err'd; for our great *Caiphas*, supreme High-Priest of the Calves, dissents from the Church, and pull'd down a little Weather-Cock from the Top of a Cow-house upon *Landon-Hill*, because it too much resembled a Steeple: He has brought them up to the laudable Custom of eating their own Flesh, and they keep an annual Feast of *their own Brethren's Head and Bacon*, within thirty Days after the Beginning of the New Year: For this most horrible and uncall-like Custom, his Neighbours the Calves of *Suffolk* have proclaimed War against him; but he values not their Threats, and is now so grand, so powerful, and so formidable, that he remains as secure in the Midst of his Enemies, as *Daniel* in the Lyon's Den.

I am, Dear S I R,

Tours, Henry Hornden.

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Saturday, February 15, 1729.

**CHARON**, Ferryman of Styx, in the infernal Regions.

To the renown'd Goliath Passero.

**H**AIL! thou most great Man, and know by this my Epistle, that lately arriv'd in these Regions thy much-lov'd Concubine, the famous *Helen of Middlesex*, once as beautiful as the Great *Helen of Sparta*: She was usher'd down to my Landing-place by two Sparrows flying along before her: But, ah! her Beauty faded, and the Roses was paled in her Cheeks: by this I found she died in Child-birth; and by a Lameness which



which I perceived in one Foot, caused by the Orifice of a Lancet, 'twas too evident she had been tampering (not without thy Order) to destroy Conception. Ah! why then: Oh, thou most great and dignified among the large-siz'd Sinners, why these unchristian Doings? This thou must answer before *Minos*, *Æacus* and *Radamanthus*, our three grim Judges, who will all sit on thy distinguished Tryal: Why didst thou not better reward this the Part'ner of thy Lewdness? But to send thy Whore Pennyles to Hell, was a brute Part. I myself, that am an Infernal, had more Charity than you, tho' a D——e, and carry'd her over *gratis* in pity to a distressed Nymph and Brother Ferryman's Daughter; and I am in great Expectation of carrying you over soon, when I will tell you more of my Mind; for your Brother *Tityon*

——*Pertota novem cui jugera Corpus*

——*Porrigitur*——

whose vast Bulk covers nine Acres of Ground, foretells the speedy Approach of *Goliab Passero* to these infernal Regions, and hundred-handed *Gyas*, the *Centaur*s, *Hydra*, and all your kindred Monsters, are ready to receive you in Form. But I refer you to the sixth Book of *Virgil's Æneid* for what you are to trust to.

——*Nam te subrupe Sinistra,*

*Mœnia lata Manent, triplici circumduta muro  
Quæ rapidus flammies ambit torrentibus amnis  
Tartareus Phlegethon torquesq; Sonantia Saxa,  
Porta adversa ingens, solidoq; adimante Columna,  
Vis ut nulla vivam, non ipsi exscindere ferre,  
Cœlicolæ valeant. Stat ferrea tueris ad auras,  
Tisiponeq; sedes pallâ succinta Cruenta,  
Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesq; diesq;  
Nunc morere, ut Meritus.*

*Charon.*

Saturday,

Saturday, March 1, 1729.

*Anchisa generate Deum certissima proles.*

S I R,

**Y**OU are not, I am sure unsensible that *Aeneas* the Trojan Hero, on whom the Great *Virgil* has wrote so fine a Poem, was the Son of *Venus*; as *Achilles* in *Homer* was the Son of *Thetis*, *Helena* Queen of *Sparta*, the Daughter of *Jupiter*; by which we find the Gods had to do with mortal Women, and Men with Goddesses: All the Poets are very full of heavenly Offsprings; and *Virgil* says, that in the War of Troy

*Tot Nati cecidere Deum*

a great many Hero's Sons of Deities were there slain. Now let us count up what Children the Deities have to adorn this present Age. *Silius Italicus*, in his Poem on the War between *Hannibal* and the *Romans*, represents *Faith* as a Goddess; if so we must own she has many Sons in *Scotland*: *Modesty* too is acknowledg'd as a Goddess (tho' but little Homage paid to her) and has a numerous Progeny in *Ireland*. The *Seigneur La Chap. De Banchruci* is undoubtedly the Offspring of the Goddess *Honesty*; and we read of many more of her Sons twice a Week in the *London Gazette*: In the next Country are two Daughters of *Mars* God of War, who fight continually, and tear their Head-Cloaths: We have about us several Sons of *Jupiter*, who imitate that God in their Amours and are not interrupted by Kindred; for 'tis well known that *Jupiter* and *Apollo*, and all that Crew, made no Scruple with lying with Sisters and Cousins. At *Croydon* are many undoubted Sons of *Buccbus*: But our own Town has the Glory of Goddess-born Hero's; For as *Truth* is the most bright and amiable among the heavenly Inhabitants, so has she humour'd us with the  
Presence

Presence of her two darling Sons; and if we may believe our Goddess-born Neighbour the youngest Son of Truth, the Assizes will be at *Kingston*.

*Tours,*

PANTHEON.

Saturday, March 29, 1729.

*Ille Crucem seleris pretium tulit hic Diadema.*

JUV. SAT. XVIII.

SIR,

LAST Week, during the Time of the Assizes, our Amphitheatre was very full of Thieves, that is, little petty Villains; for there were no Rogues of Distinction among us. Petty Larcenies, Burgularies, and Felonies are Breif among these pigmy Villians; but your Gygantic Offenders, and Wholesale Robbers are omitted. Here are some unhappy Creatures that must lie after their Punishment for their Fees, while Others, that plunder'd the Publick of ten Times more than all our fifty Delinquents together, can buy of their Punishment. If Men embezzle Charities, or being intrusted in Offices, run Estates in Debt that belong to the Poor, Why, are they not more blamable than a Man that steals a little Money to supply his necessitous Condition? Was I took to look after an Estate given by some Donor's Will for the publick Good of a Town, and should by treating my Acquaintance, and by those enormous Crimes, Gluttony and Wine-bibbing run it Two Hundred Pounds in Debt, I am worse than a House-breaker. The Assizes about this time are all over *England*, and I am sure there are among the greater Men in the Towns of Assize, much greater Villians than come to be try'd from the County Goals. In several Corporation Towns a great Way distant, for I am sure no such Thing

can



can be charg'd near home, there are great Estates which are embezzled, and the best Part of the Revenue converted into the Pockets of the Managers: These are publick Plunderers and ought to be brought to publick Punishment. But alas! these Men may sit upon a Bench, and see a Felon condemn'd for stealing a Trifle, when he himself has robb'd his own Town of Hundreds.

*For little Villains must submit to Fate,  
When great ones may be Bridge-Wardens in State.*

Yours, *Observer.*

Saturday, April 19, 1729.

*Sed Te*

*Nos facimus Fortuna Deam.* JUV. SAT. X.

S I R,

**I**N this degenerate Age, where a Man's Fortune is more taking than his Abilities, it signifies nothing to ingratiate our selves to the People by good Manners or fine Words, whose sordid Souls prefer ordinary Presents from the Rich, to the extraordinary Wit of a mean prudent Person. A Man of a large Head-piece and narrow Fortune, can get but few Posts and Places; and should he put up for Mayor of a Town he would lose his Election. The Electors inquire into a Man's Fortune, and not his mental Qualifications; and tho' he be endu'd with Wit, Popularity, and solid Sense, yet he will be cast off if he can't bribe the Pockets, and stuff the ravenous Stomachs of these Cormorants with all Manner of Delicacies. With them *French Wines* exceed Knowledge, and 20 Dishes upon the Board is a Scene more acceptable than human Learning; and a Man of Fortune that can treat, bribe, and support 'em in their two darling Vices *Glyttony and Wine-bibbing*, shall be sure to get the better of all

of all Virtues link'd to Poverty, The very P—s will deify a rich Villain, and spung upon him, changing their Prayers for *Rack-Punch*; they will walk before his Funeral for Sake of a Ring and Pair of Gloves: But poor Men's Corpse must wait Hours in the Church-yard before they will leave their Bottle and come to bury them. You see Sir, how hard the Layety and Clergy cringe to Men of Fortune, and I am sorry to see one Half of the World turn'd into *Sycophants* and *Parasites*.

*Tours,*

Reformator.

Saturday, May 3, 1729.

S I R,

The merry Month of May being begun, when young People go a courting with double Vigour, 'twill not be improper to lay down some Rules for Courtship: For I am sorry to see this Town supply'd with Girls hardly out of *Leading-Strings*, entertaining *Sweet-hearts*, and Boys that can scarce read the Bible dangling after them.

The R U L E S.

*Imprimis,* **T**HAT no young Man do presume to go a courting under the Age of Twenty Two, nor any young Woman think of a Husband till Eighteen.

*Item,* That no young Man do presume to make his Addresses to any Girl under the Age aforesaid, and that no grown Woman do permit a Boy, or any younger than herself to court her.

*Item,* That all Parents shall do their utmost Endeavours to keep their Children from offending in the like Manner.

*Item,* That no Apprentice do presume to go a courting during his Servitude with his Master and Mistress, upon Pain of being well chastiz'd by them.

*Item,* That

*Item,* That an humble Address be presented to all Masters and Mistresses, to faithfully punish their aforesaid Apprentices so offending.

*Item,* That all young Women that receive the Address of an Apprentice be *biss'd thro' this Town.*

*Item,* That all young Men that court two Girls at one Time shall be deem'd infectious, and banish'd to the *Isle of Dogs* for a Year and a Day.

*Item,* That every Couple entring into the pleasant State of Courtship, shall meet only at their own Houses, or their Relations; and not frequent Taverns, or dancing Bouts, nor walk in *Canbury-Field* after dark.

*Item,* That no Couple shall presume to marry without Consent of their Parents, on Pain of high Displeasure of God and the World.

*Item,* That all such Couples, shall, when they be married, live happily together if they can.

*Dear Sir,* I have laid down these Rules for the publick Good of this Town, and that they may have a good Effect, is the hearty Wish of

Your Correspondent,

Reformer.

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Saturday, May 17, 1729.

— *In te omnis Domus inclinata recumbit,*

Virgil, Lib. XII.

SIR,

I Have been long a Vestryman in a certain Parish renown'd for its Policy: We have lately set up a Work-house to lessen our Rate and maintain our Poor somewhat cheaper, which for the first Year, thro' the great Care of the Managers, was run but one hundred Pounds in Debt; the next Year it was retrieved, the old Arrear paid off, but the new contracted Debts let alone according



cording to Custom to be paid by Successors. We have not so many People in our Work-house as we maintain'd before it was erected, tho' we pay the same Rate still ; but that Grievance will soon be made easy by the admirable Administration of our great new Governor. This Man was a little unreasonable at first in the Demand of his yearly Sallery ; but our wise and thrifty Vestrymen took him down, and made him content with no more than double what he ask'd. There is one uncommon Piece of Policy, one conspicuous Custom in our Parish ; that is, to commit the sole Management of Affairs to those who pay the least to Church and Poor, while those who pay most are excluded, for fear they should starve the Poor thro' Parsimony : But the other worthy Gentlemen are more liberal in that they have the least Share in. But to return to our Governor. He is a Man not in the least fond of Power, a Man of Candour and courteous Behaviour, not proud nor busy in an Office ; a Man that will not defraud the Poor of any thing that is their Due, but be as free and familiar with them, as if he had come there in the same Quality. He was a Friend to the Widow and Fatherless, a Man of boundless Charity, that would with an Eye of Pity look upon the *Orphan Bastard*, and forgive the Mother for such a Crime. But to count up all the good Qualities of this great good Man would be too great a Task for

*Your humble Servant,*

Tim. Thrifty.

H

*Saturday,*

Saturday, May 24, 1729.

S I R,

**A**S you were so kind as to give a Letter of mine a Place in your last Journal, I beg you will give me Leave to present you with a further Character of our polite, unanimous and well-regulated Parish. We are all Men endew'd with clear Hands and clear Heads; Men whose Honesty cannot be call'd in question; Men of good Nature and courteous Behaviour, not fond of an Office, nor conceited. Our Overseers of the Poor never charge the Work-house too much for Flower, nor keep their own Bastards upon the Parish, as they do at St. Giles's, or elsewhere: our Church-Wardens are always Money out of Pocket by their Places, or have always Money in hand, when they give up their Accounts: Fair and just are their Accounts, and such as the World never saw before, nor may again. We are very famous for Feasts of great Length and Luxury; but we honourably discharge all Reck'nings, tho' never so large, out of our own private Purses; for we scorn to have it said *we eat and drink up our Parish*. At a Vestry we use one another with the best of Manners and Language: At our last meeting in the Church, every Thing was settled with uncommon Unanimity and Concord. Our old Officers went out with Honour, being Men of *Chastity, Truth, and Humility*; our new ones came in with the general Consent of all: in short, the whole Country rings of the uncommon Policy, Peace, and Civility of this distinguish'd Meeting; and all *England* is surpriz'd at our incomparable Management.

Tours, Tim. Thrifty.

Saturday, May 31, 1729.

S I R,

I AM by Trade a *Brandyman*, and have two Brothers, one a *Lemon-Merchant*, and the other a *Sugar-Baker*; now we Three are well ally'd together in the way of making Punch Free-coſt, and are great Admirers of that Liquor; we have often ſaid in a joking Way, that when Punch bought Land we would joyntly buy an Eſtate: Now we having great Quantities of theſe Commodities by us, and hearing it publickly declar'd and proclaim'd at *London*, that the *Kingſtonians* have brought up that laudable Cuſtom of ſelling Land for Liquor, are willing to make a Purchase your Way.

Sir, I bid a Gallon of Punch a Rood for all *Surton* Common, five Quarts for *Norton*, ſix Quarts for the Hill, whereon I intend to build a Houſe or two to entertain Spectators at the Executions, and at every Meeting of Agreement I will be ſure to provide a large Surloin: If you have any little Bit of waſte Ground to ſpare, I will give you a moderate Bowl and a Supper; for that.

*To Men of ſuch a cunning Taſte,  
Who richly feed upon the Waſte.*

'Tis ſomewhat noble in your Townſmen to be above Money, and not to make dry Bargains; this Way of ſelling Land for Liquor, very much redounds to the Honour of your glorious and well regulated Town. But I am afraid, I have no Hopes of their Favour, who am no Churchman, and I hear your Coporation are but little guilty of giving away any Thing to *Preſbyterians* or *Foreigners*. Tho' I am afraid I ſhall not ſucceed,  
yet



yet, I have free Liberty to propose, and I will  
boldly venture a Sneaker if I miss my Aim.  
Therefore I will not come to Town in publick  
the first Time, but privately meet a Dozen  
or two, or three more of them at the *Fox* and  
*Coney* upon the Hill on *Thursday* next. A Word  
in answer would very much oblige

*Your assur'd Friend and*

*Humble Servant,*

*Samuel Snapall.*

**F I N I S.**



